

FACE TO FACE.

Something is dead . . .
The grace of sunset solitudes, the march
Of the solitary moon, the pomp and power
Of round on round of shining soldier-stars
Patrolling space, the bounties of the sun—
Sovran, tremendous, inaccessible—
The intemperate magnificence of the sea,
Possess no more—no more.

Something is dead . . .
The autumn rain-rat deeper and wider soaks
And spreads, the burden of winter heavier
weighs,
His melancholy closer and closer yet
Cleaves, and those incantations of the spring
That made the heart a center of miracles
Grow formal, and the wonder-working hours
Arise no more—no more.

Something is dead . . .
This time to creep in close about the fire
And tell gray tales of what we were, and
dream
Old dreams and faded, and as we may rejoice
In the young life that rounds us leaps and
laughs,
A fountain in the sunshine, in the pride
Of God's best gift that to us twin returns,
Dear Heart, no more—no more.
—[National Observer.

A VISION OF CHARLES XI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PROSPER MERIMEE BY FRANCIS J. ANV.

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
—[SHAKESPEARE—Hamlet.

People are apt to laugh at supernatural visions and apparitions. Some of these, however, are so well attested that one cannot consistently refuse to believe them, without at the same time rejecting all the mass of historical evidences.

A report, drawn in due form, and bearing the signatures of four trustworthy witnesses, guarantees the authenticity of the incident I am about to relate. I will add that the prediction contained therein was known and cited long before its confirmation by events occurring during our days.

Charles XI., father of the famous Charles XII., was one of the most despotic, but at the same time one of the wisest, among the monarchs that Sweden ever had. He curtailed the monstrous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the senate and made laws to suit himself; in one word, he altered the constitution of the country, which up to that time had been oligarchical, and compelled the States General to invest him with absolute authority. Aside from this, he was an enlightened man, brave, strongly attached to the Lutheran faith, of an inflexible, cold, positive nature, wholly destitute of imagination.

He had but recently lost his wife, Ulrica Eleonora. Though his harshness towards that princess, it was said, had hastened her end. He had held her in great esteem and appeared more affected by her death than was to be expected of so stern a heart. After this bereavement he became more gloomy and morose than ever, and devoted himself to work with an assiduity which bespoke the imperious need of dispelling painful thoughts.

At the close of an autumn evening he was sitting in gown and slippers before a fire lighted in his study at the palace of Stockholm. With him were his chamberlain, Count Brahe, whom he honored with his good graces, and the physician Baumgarten, who, be it said by the way, posed as an aspirant for, and pretended to doubt everything outside of medicine. He had been summoned that evening to be consulted on some sort of indisposition.

It was getting rather late, and the king, contrary to his custom, had failed to signify, by bidding them good-night, that it was time for retiring. With his head bent low, and his eyes fixed upon the embers, he maintained an absolute silence. He was tired of his company, and yet feared, he knew not why, to be left alone. Count Brahe could not help noticing that his presence had ceased to be agreeable, and more than once ventured the suggestion that His Majesty might need some rest. Each time a gesture of the king had detained him in his chair. In his turn, the doctor talked about the unhealthy effects of protracted watchings. But the king replied between his teeth:

"Stay, I am not yet sleepy."
And they took up different themes of conversation, which were wholly exhausted at the second or third remark. It was evident that His Majesty was in one of his gloomy moods, and under such circumstances the position of a courtier was extremely delicate. Count Brahe, suspecting that the king's sadness arose from his sorrow for the loss of his wife, looked attentively at the portrait of the queen, which hung in the study, and exclaimed with a deep sigh:

"What an admirable likeness! Observe that expression, at once august and gentle."
"Bah!" brusquely responded the king, who thought he heard a reproach whenever the queen's name was mentioned in his presence. "This portrait flatters her. The queen was homely."
Then, inwardly reproving himself for his harshness, he arose and strode about the room to hide an emotion of which he was ashamed. He stopped before the window which opened upon the court. The night was dark and the moon at its first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden reside to-day was not yet completed, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, lived at the time in the old palace, situated at the point of the Rittersholm, looking upon Lake Malar. It was a large structure, shaped like a horseshoe. The king's study occupied one of the extremities, and nearly opposite, stood the large hall where the States General met whenever they had some communication to receive from the throne.

The windows of this hall appeared at that moment all aglow with a brilliant light. This struck the King as being very strange. He at first thought it was caused by a torch in the hands of some valet. But what business could any one have at that hour in a hall which had not been opened for so long a time? More-

over, the light was too great to proceed from a single torch. It looked more like a conflagration, but no smoke was to be seen; the panes were not shattered; no sound was heard; all had rather the appearance of an illumination.

Charles looked at these windows for a while, without speaking. However, Count Brahe stretched out his hand toward the string of a bell, and was about to ring for a page to send to inquire into the cause of this singular phenomenon, but he was arrested by the king, who said:

"I will go myself."
As he uttered these words he was seen to turn pale, and his countenance expressed something like a religious terror. But he left the room with a firm step; the chamberlain and the doctor following him, each with a lighted taper in his hand.

The porter, who kept the keys, was already in bed. Baumgarten went to awake him and convey the king's order to straightway open the doors of the legislative hall. Great was the surprise of the poor man at such an unexpected command. He hastily dressed himself and joined the king with his bunch of keys. He first opened the door of a gallery which served as ante-chamber, or passage to the main hall. The king entered. What was his astonishment when he saw that the walls were draped in mourning.

"Who ordered the hall to be thus decorated?" he asked in an angry tone.
"Sire, nobody to my knowledge," responded the bewildered porter. "The last time I had the gallery swept, the oak of the ceiling was bare, as it has always been. Surely, these hangings do not come from your Majesty's lumber-room."

Meantime, the king, walking with a quick pace, had already penetrated through more than two-thirds of the gallery. The count and porter followed at his heels, while Doctor Baumgarten lagged behind, struggling between the fear of remaining alone, and that of facing an adventure which had announced itself in such a strange fashion.

"Proceed no further, sire!" cried the porter. "On my soul, there's some sorcery here. At this hour—and since the death of the queen, your gracious consort—'tis said that she haunts this gallery. God defend us!"

"Hold, sire!" exclaimed the count in his turn. "Do you not hear the noise coming from the legislative hall? Who knows what dangers await Your Majesty?"

"Sire," put in Baumgarten, whose light had been blown out by a current of air, "allow me at least to go and fetch twenty of your majesty's trabans."
"Let us get in!" said the king firmly, stopping before the door of the large hall. "Porter, open quick!"

He struck it with his foot, and the sound, repeated by the echoes of the vault, reverberated in the gallery like the discharge of a cannon.

The porter was in such a trepidation, that his key rattled against the lock, and he could not manage to insert it.

"An old soldier trembling!" cried the king, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, count, open thou the door for us."
"Sire," replied the Count, stepping back, "let Your Majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will go without flinching; but this would be defying the powers of hell!"

The king snatched the keys from the hand of the porter, and said in a tone of contempt:

"I see that this affair concerns me alone."

And before his suit could prevent it, he had opened the thick oak door and entered the great hall, muttering the words, "With the help of God."

His three acolytes, impelled by curiosity, more powerful than fear, and perhaps ashamed to forsake their king, entered with him.

The large hall was illumined with innumerable torches. A black drapery had replaced the antique figured tapestry. All along the walls were seen, arranged in order as usual, the German, Danish and Moscovite standards—trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the centre were prominently displayed Swedish banners shrouded in funeral crape.

An immense assembly filled the benches. The four orders of the State—nobility, clergy, burghers and peasants—occupied seats according to their respective ranks. All were dressed in black, and this multitude of human faces, gleaming against the sombre background, so dazzled the eye, that none of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene could recognize any. In like manner an actor, facing a dense audience, only sees a confused mass, where his wandering gaze fails to distinguish a single individual.

Upon a raised throne, from which the king was wont to address the assembly, they saw a bleeding corpse, clad in the insignias of royalty. On its right stood a toy with a crown upon his head and a sceptre in his hand; on the left, an old man, or, rather, another phantom, leaned against the throne. He was attired in the mantle of state worn by the old administrators of Sweden ere yet Wasa had transformed it into a kingdom. Facing the throne several grave and austere personages, dressed in flowing black robes, who seemed to be judges, were seated before a table filled with large folios and sundry parchments. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly stood a block covered with crape, and an axe lying beside it.

Nobody, in this superhuman concourse appeared to notice the presence of Charles and his three companions. As they entered they heard a confused hum, from out of which no articulate word could be distinguished. Presently the older of the judges in black robes, who seemed the president, arose and knocked thrice with his fist upon a volume open before him. A deep silence followed.

Several young men of gentle appearance, richly attired, and with their hands pinioned behind their backs, entered the hall through a door opposite the one Charles XI. had just crossed. They advanced with head erect and firm look. Behind them a stalwart young man, wearing a brown leather coat, held the end of the cord wherewith their hands were tied. The one who walked in front and seemed the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, close to the block, which he surveyed with haughty disdain. At the same time the corpse seemed to shudder convulsively, and a fresh crimson stream flowed from its wound. The young man knelt, and laid his head upon the block. The ax gleamed in the air and instantly fell with a thud. A gory rivulet bubbled upon the platform, and mingled with that of the corpse. The head, rebounding several times upon the reddened pavement, rolled to the very feet of Charles, which it stained with blood.

Up to that moment surprise had paralyzed his speech; but at sight of this horrible spectacle, his tongue was loosened. He advanced a few steps toward the platform, and addressing the figure draped in the mantle of administrator, he uttered boldly the well known formula,

"If thou art from God, speak; if from the other, leave us in peace."
The phantom replied slowly, and with solemn tones:

"Charles, King! This blood will not flow under thy reign (here the voice became less distinct), but five reigns after. Woe, woe, woe to the blood of Wasa!"

Thereupon the forms of the countless persons composing this weird assembly began to grow dim, appearing only as shadows, and then dissolved altogether. The fantastic torches were extinguished, and those of Charles and his companions illumined only the old tapestries, softly stirred by the wind. They still heard for a while something like a melodious noise, which one of the witnesses compared to the rustle of leaves, and another to the sound produced by the snapping chords of a harp while being tuned. All were agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they judged had lasted about ten minutes.

The black draperies, the detrunated head, the spurts of blood staining the floor, had all vanished with the phantoms. The slipper of Charles XI. alone retained the crimson blot which by itself would have sufficed to remind him of the scene of that dreadful night, had they not been already too well engraven in his memory.

When he returned to his study, the king caused a minute report to be written of what he had witnessed; made his companions sign it, and himself affixed his signature to it. Despite the precautions taken to keep the contents of this document from the public, they managed in some mysterious manner to leak out, even during the lifetime of Charles XI. The document is still extant, and up to this day nobody has ventured to raise a doubt as to its genuineness. Its closing paragraph is remarkable. Says the king:

"And, if what I have related be not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life, the which I may have deserved through some good deeds, and, above all, through my zeal in laboring for the welfare of my people, and the defence of the faith of my ancestors."

Now then, if we recall the death of Gustavus III., and the judgment of Ankarstrom, his assassin, we shall find more than our point of contact between this event and the circumstances attending that singular procuration.

The young man, beheaded in the presence of the assembly, points to Ankarstrom.

The crowned corpse, to Gustavus III. The boy, to his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.

Lastly, the old man, to the Duke of Sodermanland, uncle of Gustavus IV., who was regent of the kingdom, and afterwards king, upon the deposition of his nephew.

The Newest Weapons of Warfare.

German investigators have been figuring upon the probable effect of the newest weapons in the next war. In 1870 the proportion of soldiers wounded on the German side was 14.08 per cent. of the total number in the field. Only 2.2 per cent. were actually killed. Since then an immense improvement has been effected in arms of precision, and it is believed that in future engagements the proportion of wounded will be greater than heretofore, but that the wounds will be less severe, as bullets, owing to their small size and great velocity, will often pass through a man without splintering him. It is estimated that about 20 per cent. of the troops will be wounded in the next campaign, and that a little more than 3 per cent. will be killed. That is to say, that in an army corps of 35,000 men, 1,200 will be killed, and 5,800 wounded. About one-third of the wounds, it is thought, are likely to be serious.

The Texan Pecary.

Extermination is the impending fate of the Texan pecaries, according to a recent publication of the National Museum by Mr. Frederick A. Lucas, an animal recently extinct or threatened with extermination. He finds that in nearly every instance the cause is "reckless slaughter by man." As an instance of the way in which animals may be destroyed, he refers to the introduction of pecaries. In 1885 these little animals were so abundant in several counties of Texas that their well-worn tails were everywhere to be seen, while their favorite haunts could be readily picked out by the peculiar musky odor characteristic of the creature. Shortly after that date, hogskin goods being in favor, a price of 50 cents each was offered for pecary hides, with the result that by 1890 the pecaries were practically exterminated.

Double-Headed Snakes.

Double-headed snakes have been known to occur; and in a German journal Dr. Collin, of Berlin, describes and figures a double-tailed earthworm, and mentions four other cases of such malformations. Double-headed and double-tailed fishes. Dr. Collin infers that all such cases as double tails are due to abnormal processes of regeneration, after the original tail has been lost.

Police Figures.

In New York there are 72.65 policemen to each square mile of territory, in Chicago but 9.08, in Philadelphia 11.01, in Brooklyn 34.01, in St. Louis 8.72, in Boston 19.25, in New Orleans 4.66, and in Washington 35.64.

A FAMOUS BANDIT.

EXPLOITS OF A DARING MEXICAN IN CALIFORNIA.

The Deeds of Garza Recall the More Desperate Ones of Joaquin Murietta—His Fate.

The recent exploits of the bandit Garza on the Mexican border, which have given the Mexican and United States troops a great deal of annoyance, recall to old Californians the adventures in that State of one of the most daring highwaymen ever known. The name of Joaquin Murietta in the gold fever days was known all along the Pacific Coast. This outlaw was a Mexican. He was educated in the school of revolution in Mexico, where the line between rebel, robber, pillager and patriot had been to a great extent obliterated. He was accused of horsestealing by Californians and fled from the law-abiding community where he had lived. He regarded himself as a champion of his country rather than an outlaw. Of medium height, and somewhat slender in figure, he was extremely active and athletic, and no less graceful in movement than handsome in person. Long flowing hair of glossy black fell on his shoulders, and on his upper lip was a thin silky moustache. His manner was frank and cordial, his voice silvery and of generous utterance, and though he was so youthful in appearance there was that about him which made him both loved and feared, and which impressed friend and stranger alike with profound respect. Thus was Joaquin Murietta in 1852, when he lived at Los Angeles, at the beginning of his desperate career.

Joaquin was always splendidly mounted. Much of his success depended on his horses and the special business of certain members of the robber band was to provide a supply of the best horses in the country. The daring of the young chieftain was amazing. During a dance at San Jose Joaquin became involved in a fight, was arrested and fined \$12. Being in charge of Deputy Sheriff Clark, who did not know the prisoner, Joaquin invited the officer to go with him to his house for the money. Clark had become obnoxious to Murietta for his vigorous pursuit of the band. On reaching an unfrequented place the robber suddenly turned upon the officer, and with a smile said, "Accept the compliments of Joaquin," and drove his jeweled poniard to the hilt in Clark's breast. One evening not long afterward Joaquin was sitting at a monte table in a small town on the Feather River, when an American boastfully offered to bet \$500 that he would kill the second Joaquin the first time he met him. Carried away by one of his daredevil impulses, Joaquin sprang upon the table, and thrusting his pistol in the man's face cried:

"I take the bet; Joaquin is before you."

Then tossing the corner of his cape over his shoulder he strode out of the room and rode away with some of his companions. While visiting in Los Angeles, Joaquin heard that Deputy Sheriff Wilson, of Santa Barbara, intended to capture him dead or alive. The robber got up a sham fight between two Indians in front of Wilson's Hotel. When the latter came out to see the fight Joaquin rode at him and hissing his own terrible name in Wilson's ear sent a bullet through the officer's head and rode away.

One evening Joaquin rode into a camp where twenty-five miners were at supper, and sitting sideways on his horse began talking. One miner recognized the robber and shouted "That is Joaquin! Why in the name of God don't you kill him?" Spurring his horse, with one bound he cleared the camp and dashed down the can. Finding his way blocked there he returned toward the camp, to avail himself of a narrow coyote trail around the brow of the precipice that overhung the canon. A shower of bullets greeted his reappearance, but none touched him, as he dashed up and along that dizzy path, waving his dagger and shouting defiance. Once passing a saloon the robber called for a drink, and was just lifting it to his lips when an American fired a shot that cut the plume of the brigand's hat. The drink was never taken, but Joaquin, after wounding the American in the arm and another man in the abdomen, galloped away without a scratch.

After three years of this bloody work Joaquin's band the California Legislature authorized Harry Love and twenty rangers to equip themselves for the capture of the robbers. Their trail was followed closely and the Mexicans were found in camp near Tejon Pass. Six of them were seated round a small fire, where breakfast was cooking, while the seventh, he of the slender figure and graceful limbs, and large black eyes, and long black hair, a perfect Apollo, richly dressed, blooming in the pride of health and manly beauty, was washing down a superb bay horse at a little distance from the fire. Joaquin was well known to the rangers, who dashed into the camp before they were discovered, and succeeded in cutting the robbers off from their horses. Captain Love rode up to the one standing by his horse, and inquired whether they were going. "To Los Angeles," the chief replied. Turning to one of the others, the captain put the same question, when an entirely different answer was returned. Joaquin bit his lip and spoke up angrily. "I command here; address yourself to me." He then moved a few steps toward the fire, around which lay the saddles, blankets and arms of the party. He was ordered to stop, and when he did not heed Love told him to stand or he would shoot. The chief tossed his hair back scornfully, while his eyes blazed with the lightnings of his wrath, and, stopping backward, he stood again by the side of his handsome steed, his jeweled hand resting lightly on its mane. At this critical moment Lieutenant Byrnes, with whom Joaquin was well acquainted, moved up, and Joaquin, realizing that the game was up, called out to his followers to save themselves as best they could, and threw himself upon his charger without saddle or bridle, and sped down the mountain like a tempest. He leaped his horse over a precipice, when he fell, but was on his feet again in a moment, and, remounting, the daring rider dashed on. Close at his heels came the rangers, firing as they rode, and soon the gallant steed fell to the earth, and Joaquin ran

on afoot. Three balls pierced his body and made an end of the bloody-handed robber.—[New York Tribune.

THE COMING BILLIONAIRE.

William W. Astor May Reach That Plutocratic Estate.

There is a probability that William Waldorf Astor will be a billionaire long before he reaches his allotted time. It will not, however, be by the accumulation of the six per cent interest rate, but by the improvement in the value of his property. He inherited from his father acres of buildings and other acres of ground not built upon on Manhattan island.

When old John Jacob Astor, his great-grandfather, came to this country from Holland, he brought a lot of musical instruments which he traded with the Indians for furs. It was in this way he got his start in life. He extended the fur business as rapidly as his profits would allow. Finally when surplus money began to accumulate, he invested it in real estate. At last he gave up the fur trade and put all his money in lands. He bought along the King's highway, now Broadway. He and his descendants acquired miles of farms on and adjacent to the famous thoroughfare.

The section of New York in which the lands lie is rapidly building up. It has been the custom of the Astors not to sell lands, but to execute ground leases for twenty-one years, a provision in which was that the buildings erected on the lands should revert to the Astors on the expiration of the leases. In this way the lands have been improved without expense to the Astors.

The building operations on Manhattan island which are now going on at a greater rate than ever before promise to multiply William Waldorf Astor's fortune several times in the next two decades.

The Astor fortune has been handed down generation after generation to the eldest son, and it is supposed that the present possessor will follow the tradition. When William Waldorf Astor becomes a billionaire his income at six per cent interest will be:

Year	\$60,000,000.00
Month	5,075,000.00
Week	1,171,154.00
Day	166,849.00
Hour	6,952.00
Minute	115.87
Second	1.93

The lapse of time, at the interest rate of increase, will show the following results:

One year	\$1,660,000.00
Five years	134,500,000.00
Ten years	1,898,100,000.00
Twenty-five years	4,298,600,000.00

Mr. Astor has just turned forty. He is a large, fine-looking man, who wears glasses, and has the air of a student. He is an omnivorous reader. He has written several novels. He is a republican in politics. He served in both branches of the New York state legislature. He ran for congress, but was defeated by Roswell P. Flower, who is now governor of New York. He was minister to Italy under the Garfield administration.

His office in Twenty-sixth street, just west of Broadway, where his rents are received, is like a bank. More business is done there than in half the banks in New York.

The fortune of his uncle, William Astor, whose wife is the social leader in New York, is also, for the most part, in real estate. He owns large interests in some of the best paying railroads.—[Atlanta Constitution.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

Boiling water will remove all stains in table linen except ink or rust, and for these oxalic acid is the best thing to use.

In washing dishes the order should be, first the glasses, then the silver, and then the china. Dishes, if of fine decorated china, ought not to be rinsed with scalding water. If the dishes be scraped very clean, and the greasest of them and the pans be rubbed with paper before they are washed, one of the meanest parts of dishwashing will be done away with—the greasy part. It is easier to get the work done if the dishes are arranged regularly, the plates of the same size together, and the knives, forks and spoons with their handles the same way. It saves time in handling them. Dishcloths and towels are sweeter if dried in the open air.

A curious trouble which develops in furniture sometimes is the presence of a worn gnawing into the wood. The same trouble may occur in a closet built in a house, or in any raw wood. The best remedy for this trouble is to paint the furniture and shelves with a solution of colcothine. This can probably be obtained from any druggist. It is the pulp of the bitter cucumber, and is exceedingly acid to the taste, though not poisonous, except when taken in excessive quantities. It is not to be obtained, get a preparation of quassia, which a housekeeper tells us will be equally useful. This trouble does not arise from surfaces which are finished with a coating of varnish or polish. The worm gets into the wood from some under surface of the furniture which is left unfinished, and it is to these surfaces that the remedy should be applied. It may be put on with an ordinary paint brush, being careful to touch every portion of the unfinished wood.

Dutchman's Pipe.

The climbing shrub known as Dutchman's Pipe grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. It is a native of the southern parts of the Allegheny Mountains and is frequently planted in the United States, in Britain and on the Continent of Europe, to form shady bowers. It has very large heart-shaped leaves (a foot in breadth) of a beautiful green. The pipe-shaped flowers hang singly or in pairs on long stalks. At a distance the vine might be mistaken for a bean vine, but the flowers can be taken for nothing else but a dutchman's pipe. They are three or four inches long, a yellowish-green down and veined with reddish-brown veins.—[Detroit Free Press.

His Mistake.

They had been married for several years, and had gradually risen from poverty to affluence. One evening Joe settled himself back in his chair with a self-satisfied air and said: "Things have changed some since we were married, haven't they, Mary?"

"A great deal, Joe," she replied quietly. "The first year was pretty hard," he went on. "I didn't make any more than enough to pull us through. But I told you then I'd get up; and I have." "Yes," she admitted, "you have. You've made it much easier for me, financially." "And I've worked hard to do it," he said with some pride; "I have toiled night and day; and I will do better still; you shall be even more comfortable than you are now." "You are very kind, Joe," said Mary, with a faint smile; "nevertheless, I've sometimes wondered if you quite understood the clergyman who married us."

"Why, what have I done?" he asked suddenly, straightening up in his chair. "Nothing wrong, I suppose, Joe," she replied in the same quiet way, "but it has seemed sometimes—just a fancy of mine, perhaps—it has seemed as though you thought you had married the office. It seems more of you than—than—" She stopped. It wasn't necessary to say any more. It was only necessary to kiss him to show that it was not in a purely faultfinding spirit that she spoke, and she did that. And the lesson that money—well, the lesson was not lost on him.

The Books Boys Read.

The truth is that it is not the boys who read "bad books" who swell the roll of youthful criminality; it is the boys who do not read anything. Let any one look over the police court of a busy morning and he will see that the style of youth gathered there have not fallen into evil ways through their depraved literary tendencies. They were not brought there by books, but more probably by ignorance of books, combined with a genuine hatred of books of all kinds. There is not a more perfect picture of innocence in the world than a boy buried in his favorite book, oblivious to all earthly sights and sounds, scarcely breathing as he follows the fortunes of the heroes and heroines of the story.—[Kansas City Star.

Plucky Girls.

Two young city-bred women, daughters of a prominent wholesale merchant in San Francisco, named Lowenstein, are living on and working a land claim in the State of Washington, between Hadlock and Port Ludlow. They took up the claim two years ago and have lived on it continuously since, built the cabin in which they live, and have cleared and grubbed twenty acres of land. Their nearest neighbor is four miles away.

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My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J. ©

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